

Can. Dixon, George.

THIS WORK WHEN PUBLISHED, WILL CONTAIN A

POETICAL SERIES

OF THE

Russian, Persian & China Wars,

INCLUDING THE

REBELLION OF BRITISH INDIA;

ALSO, THE

CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA,

FROM 1861 TO 1865.

WILL CONCLUDE WITH THE TRUE

Fenian Episode and Fall of Republics.

BY GEORGE DIXON.

To be appreciated is to be read.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.:

H. O. B & COMPANY, PRINTERS,
NCE WILLIAM STREET.

1868.



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*A Subscription is most respectfully solicited, in order
to publish this Valuable Work.*

THE
BARD OF WAR
IN
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PREFACE

TO THE

FENIAN EPISODE.

"Men are never so easily betrayed as when they are plotting to betray others."

THE author has been cautious, before presenting this work to the hands of an intelligent and discerning world, in avoiding all exaggerated statements that would be found to prejudice the feelings of an enlightened people, which, in all probability, would throw a false impression on the character of the work. He has been most assiduous in his endeavours through 1866, 7 and 8, to find out all realities emanating from every source since the commencement of the Fenian conspiracy, and has not failed in making himself acquainted with the leading papers and periodicals published in Great Britain and America, particularly the latter, which it appears, supplied all the material for the Fenian conspirators. He has not overlooked the terrible storms which swept violently over that part of Europe during the same period—the beautiful description of which is truly astonishing, all written in elegant verse; and lastly, his powerful dialogue with a Fenian *Matron*, whom he met by chance, and one who sang the feelings of the rebel country in a mournful strain, she being a secret courier employed by the Fenian Headcentres of America and Ireland.

As it appears, a correspondence was carried on between the conspirators of the new and the old world; the vigilance of the police had stopped all communication

carried on by male passengers, and it then became expedient to the conspirators to employ this *Matron*, who could cross to and fro unsuspected and execute the business of the secret service more effectually, she having crossed the Atlantic several times and delivered all her dispatches safely. She had, at numerous times, passed under the most scrutinizing eye of the most vigilant detectives, whose skill had failed in detecting the source from which all communication had been carried on; and having a perfect knowledge of all secrets emanating from the several nocturnal camps in which she was conversant, she spoke the Fenian sentiment in reality. The Bard answers every question most respectfully, at the same time enters fully into the origin of the Fenian Bubble, proving to the manifestation of all that that seditious scheme was concocted in America, at the termination of the *Southern War*. It immediately occurred to him that some accurate account should be written, holding up to the public gaze the reality and fallacy of the *cause*, the result of which was the bringing out of this Fenian *Episode*, which will be found true and most pleasing.

In conclusion, he pays a high tribute of bravery to the Canadian volunteers, who nobly met and repulsed the Fenian raid, they having invaded that Dominion in revenge for some imaginary wrong inflicted by England on Ireland.

This brings to memory, the anecdote of an Irishman in America, who met and beat his countryman to death; the neighbours actually saw the act committed, and were in the act of lynching him first—asking why he did so, he ejaculated and said, "because that very man's cousin humbugged his old sister Nancy some fifty years ago."

PREFACE

TO THE

AMERICAN REBELLION,

From 1861 to 1865.

BEFORE issuing this volume to the view of a critical world, the author has been more than ordinarily careful in avoiding all over-estimated statements which he frequently met with through the American journals and many other influential papers, with respect to time and date of the several actions. True, the treatment inflicted on prisoners in the prisons of both North and South was inhuman, to all end and purpose, which appears had no equal, save the cruelties practiced by semi-barbarians or Abyssinians. In the late war it took Twenty millions of Northerners to subdue Three millions of Southerners, although aided by all the descendants of the black race; still, the South was not finally subdued in accordance with the honors of warfare. At last, a compromise was entered into between *Lincoln* and *Hallock* on one side and *General Lee* on the other, before the gates of Richmond; after this interview, the fighting became a sham, when General Lee, the Southern commander, retired from the battle field with all the honors of war, retaining his sword; the Southern dictator, Jefferson Davis, was permitted to skedaddle with the loot and plunder of five years; true, he was brought back and let out on bail, purporting a mock trial, and all bore the character of a compromise.

The author has been very particular in giving day and date of each battle, the time of action accurately, also the generals and officers engaged through the whole of this campaign, North and South, with their different nationalities—their bravery and timidity. He considers it unjust, to conclude this introduction without referring to that all absorbing cause, the privateer *Alabama*. In his belief, the principal point in agitation so long was the contrivance of a subtle scheme, concocted by the Secretary of State, Seward; his view was principally based on the coming election, which takes place in November, 1868, and in truth, every effort is made to secure a large vote from the foreign element which is largely represented in the Union. Now, any candidate hostile to Great Britain would be most likely to secure such influence, which in time of an Election would be somewhat important, and undoubtedly command the Fenian vote. President Johnston, through the influence of the Secretary of State, in all probability, may resort to such means, to enable him to obtain the Presidency; as the latter having always proved hostile to England, through whose instrumentality of late, fifty thousand dollars was voted by Congress, to be exclusively placed at the disposal of the Fenians now agitating through England and Ireland.

Quarrelling with England over the Alabama case is like the following :—

It reminds us of poor Crispan's wife
When the dillo had doubled her chat,
No matter what befell her through life,
She blamed her poor Crispan for that.
"Tis much with the Yankee the same;
Whenever they blow in a brawl,
Somebody is sure for to blame—
John Bull then is branded with all.

THE AMERICAN REBELLION,

From 1861 to 1865.

THE die of Republic was cast,
The defence was almost in vain,
The day of unanimity is past,
They will never as one meet again.
Virginia was the base of the war,
It ripened, grew strong in the land,
For which sympathy sounded afar—
Gained credence on every hand.

Vile hatred so fostered the soil
That cordiality could never unite;
All fellowship seemed to recoil
And spite counterbalance spite.
Take the average of all, old and young:
Dare they honestly open their mouth,
Two-thirds of those speaking their tongue
Decidedly favored the South.

In Virginia, John Bull met defeat,
From a bluff on the brow of the river,
In the year seventeen ninety-eight,
Which sealed their independence forever.
True, England was at wars with the world;
Napoleon was right on the lee,
Whose banners over Europe unfurl'd
The insignia of Sovereignty.

The Yankee had revolted from Britain,
The Southern just now done the same,
With the rod they had cut they were smitten,
No man would tax them with blame.
Republics are rotten to the heart—
Proved as such in ages before;
The wealthy man suffers the smart
When rebellion his country has tore.

Republics are ruled by a rabble—
A rowdie may be chief of the land;
When felons in politics dabble
'Tis impossible for order to stand.
When culprits are dragged out of prison
To vote for some favorite clan,
When liberty to that summit is driven,
The law is powerless to man.

The rich by no means can find shelter,
He's plundered—he's burned on the spot;
His family dispersed, helter-skelter,
Ere night he is not worth a groat.
Too much freedom is worse than the yoke—
The dose is too great for the stomach;
When his property is all gone to smoke
He then cherishes the name of a monarch.

Hark! to the words of the prophet:
"I'll overturn that people, saith the Lord,
That nation I'll shake to its socket
That will not adhere to my word;
I will raise up a foe in the land,
I will give him the buckle and shield.
Every captain, one by one lose command—
One by one in disgrace leave the field."

The edict of his wrath had went forth,
The people had suffered for its sake;
From the South to the uttermost North
Every State with convulsion did shake.
He poured down anathema from Heaven—
On those who did proudly blaspheme,
To and fro like chaff they were driven,
Because they dishonoured his name.

Five years this terrible storm
Blew fearfully over the land,—
Broke forth with such violent form,
Nothing seemed before it to stand.
The darkness that shadowed its way
Had augured its deplorable fate,
No statesman could ward off the day,
Till the purpose was carried complete.

The lightning had lit up the plain,
Threw the orb of the day in the shade,
When vulcan came forth in his train,
Whose ponderous power had swayed.
The Lord having signed the decree,
His voice was heard in the thunder,
Clear over the land and the sea
As far as fancy could wander.

The warning angel had passed
With an iron rod in his hand,
Pointing out to the cloud overcast,
Its vengeance would fall on the land.
The vial of his wrath had poured out,
Which the angel had prophesied clear:
Every man could see without doubt
That a date of disaster was near.

Deaf and blind the North went along,
With drafting to save the last shift;
Mind the battle is not to the strong,
Nor the race at all times to the swift.
When David the Philistine slew,
And the giant lay dead at his feet;
This solves the great problem true:
All tyrants in time meet defeat.

Napoleon dare not interfere,—
Then, useless for England to try;
With hatred it would be met there,
And under the tables would lie.
With commanders invariably changed,
And beaten inwards everywhere,
The machinery of war so deranged—
Verging on the brink of despair.

Of the dream of proud fancy is blighted,
Although charmed by a prosperous gale;
That country must fall disunited,
No matter what wealth may prevail.
Where battles are fought at haphazard,
Few victories are gained by a chance,
Old Abe should have studied the wizard,
And learned his fate in advance.

It gave Wellington the greatest of labor,
The day before a battle was fought,
To manœuvre his army on paper,
In triangular forms too wrought.
He never rested three hours in bed,
Still ordering despatches afar.
Napoleon the same principal lead
Throughout the Peninsula war.

The great topographist studied
The triangular solids in style;
When he entered a country much hurried,
He knew its length and breadth to a mile.
The ratio of its surface divided—
Accessible points kept in view;
His generals with maps, too provided:
No army could cut them in two.

Poor Erin had suckled the man
That beat the first general on earth;
So noble the course that he ran,
Peace followed the hero till death.
The good christian warrior died
In the eighty-third year of his age;
'Tis well if his place is supplied
With an actor as sound on the stage.



ried,
a mile.

THE TRENT AFFAIR.

Demand of Mason and Slidell in Boston Harbour.

THE VOICE OF THE BRITISH LION.

THE Lion had growled in the distance,
The insult had bristled his mane;
He said: I care not for resistance—
I will make you pay for that game.
You broke down the laws of neutrality,
Like jackals you entered my den,
And acted with savage brutality,
By the seizure of innocent men.

You know I'm not easily aroused;
But when I am touched rather sore—
My warlike positions espoused—
The guilty then quakes at my roar.
To perfection I'm seen on that flag;
My majesty none dare dispute.
To those most accustomed to brag,
Know I'm lord of the man and the brute.

India's Tiger, my native akin,
Had formed a league to rebel;
True, before I could rightly begin,
Many a fine young lion had fell.
Having sworn to make them repent
For their dogged disobedience of law,
Great Jungler himself in the event
Was no more than a cat in my paw.

There was Bruin, that great Russian bear,
Who unjustly pounced on the Turk;
I, in the midst of danger, was there,
And made him pay dear for that work.
When he heard of his lordship, the lion,
His terror could not be denied;
He knew he would take no denial—
He foamed to apoplexy and died.

The dragon came next of the East,
Whose physiognomy any would shun;
He may be an imaginary beast,
But is worshipped by those of the sun.
Fifty-seven and sixty waged war—
All treaties and contracts broke through;
The maritime law seemed, too, to jar
Like the one now similar in view.

All mediation was offered in vain,
To make them adhere to the law;
Gave the lion an outi-barbarous name—
Insulted him up to his jaw.
They would yield to no treaty whatever,
Which augured the road to their doom;
Old Yea* was transported forever,
And died on the shores of Rangoon.

The friends of the Emperor did mourn
His untimely death at Zubol—
That great kingdom itself round in turn
By the hands of the rebels will fall.
Five millions of money were paid
For that very same breach of the law;
A treaty was instantly made,
After feeling the weight of his paw.

*Chinese Commissioner.

The next was that bird called the Eagle,
That raised such a scream in the land—
Endeavoured Napoleon to inveigle,
To aid against England's demand.
Old Winfield failed in his mission :
He got nothing on which to rely.
When the Emperor heard the condition,
'Twas impossible for him to comply.

The Fenians, the last upon earth,
Had concocted a murderous scheme ;
Far, far from the land of their birth,
Had indulged in a fabulous dream.
An Americanized rabble 'tis true
Had attempted the lion to awe ;
Before they could rightly go through,
Were crushed by the weight of his paw.

King Solomon's wisdom was great,
All who read the gospel can tell ;
His glory had no equal to date—
His proverbs had no parallel.
Queen Sheba came there from the East,
And wintered in Solomon's tent.
It rests with tradition at least,
From which Theodore counts his descent.

Should he deny his descent as a slave,
He must be something still worse.
The way lately he seemed to behave
Drew down on his country a curse.
The old lion went forth on his track,
To scourge him for his barbarous law.
All from Dan to Beersheba and back
Dare free him from the grasp of his paw.

'Twas I drove Napoleon from Egypt,
Because he invaded my land—
Whose boundless ambition I used up
The moment he reached to the strand.
Theodore had no precedent to show
Why he should act so unjust;
To the sands of Sahara* must go,
To perish with hunger and thirst.

The truculent look of the Panther,
As he sprang from his secret lair,
To the world his master did banter:
The lion would rue coming there.
The Panthers, the Leopards, the Tigers,
Came fawning, the lion to greet;
Like a crowd of cowardly beggars,
Crouching down at his majesty's feet.

True, cubs overgrown will contend,
And sometimes all order will mar;
At my grim countenance will bend,
And directly desist from a war.
The Tiger, the Bear and the Dragon,
With terror did recently mourn;
Too, the Eagle, the Yankee did brag on—
Cowered down to the Lion in turn.

*Sandy Desert of Africa.



PREFACE
TO THE
POETICAL SERIES
OF THE
RUSSIAN, PERSIAN AND CHINA WARS,
INCLUDING
THE REBELLION OF BRITISH INDIA.

IN submitting this poetical volume to the full inspection of a religious and enlightened people, I have studiously evaded all superfluity which I have often met with, both written and oral, during that sanguinary period. I have, therefore, considered it most expedient to divide the work into four periods, embracing the wars of Russia, China, Persia, and lastly, the rebellion of British India, which I have minutely entered into with unremitting assiduity, pointing out the cause, the consequence, their struggles and overthrow.

It is absolutely true, I have neither spared cost nor time in making myself acquainted with all realities emanating from the different seats of war. Day after day have I traced with assiduity the columns of the *London Times*, where I have found a great many well written articles, principally emanating from Russell, its most able correspondent, who had been ordered to attend the battle-field and give a fair and impartial narrative of the passing events then struggling in the different contests of the field. I must also acknowledge to be greatly indebted to other papers, largely circulated through these

loyal colonies, (now the Dominion of Canada); for instance, the *Illustrated London News*, the *Dublin War-der*, and the wide-spread *Belfast Weekly*, in whose columns I have found a great many well-written letters from officers and correspondents, who in reality had mingled through the ordeal of the scene. I must say, from those brilliant fountains I received that information which induced me to enter on so perilous a work. True, I acknowledge to having embellished it with a small portion of nature's poetical fancy. So strange were the contrivances of men and rulers during that period, that, had it not been for the government press and the different emissaries issued to the many suspicious courts, through whose vigilance the necessary information was immediately forwarded to the powerful press of Britain, before whose thunder the guilty crouch and tyrants tremble, and which had in many respects the desired effect to frustrate many a well laid scheme, it would, in all probability, have terminated in some deadly struggle of which we have had no conception.

I, therefore, have every confidence that this work will be found pleasing to all those who may be disposed to give its pages a perusal. The reader will find a great many well executed portraits of Generals, Officers and Subordinates, who have figured conspicuously and stood most prominent in many a hard fought battle.

I have traced and reviewed over and over again, the origin and termination of those deadly struggles which cost so much and lasted so long, in which, during the period of ten years, England had been unremittingly engaged. With or without an ally, she had been enabled, through the interposition of Divine Providence, continually to come out victorious. Had any other nation been engaged single-handed as she was, it was doomed to destruction, or buried in oblivion for one hundred years to come. But what do we find? We find Russia, Persia,

China and India, completely subjugated in their turn, having no other alternative left but to come begging for arbitration to save their future destiny.

Having taken a general synopsis of those terrible struggles, I have found one thing decidedly needful,—that all those defeats and victories, assaults, sorties, battles and sieges required to be condensed into two volumes, and carried through from period to period, keeping time and date; which I have endeavoured to execute with justice and fidelity, irrespective of nationality or creed, to all those engaged through the different struggles of that long and sanguinary period.

Placed as I was, far remote from the seat of war, (in New Brunswick, a British colony, now called the Dominion of Canada,) I have been most powerfully aided by a great many indefatigable papers and journals, largely circulated through this loyal dominion, whose united opinion will be found favourable towards this work. In conclusion, allow me to address a few consoling words before I yield this volume into the hands of a discerning world:—

Exalted should the immaculate name of the great Jehovah be, who has placed us under the protection of that munificent and boundless British flag, whose incomparable cross travels, as it were, over the living Hemisphere; fails not to greet the rising rays of Phœbus as he darts forth from the antipodes of the Eastern world; continually keeps floating under, as that great luminary rolls through the zodiac of heaven; and finally waves that proud pennant over the last flickering ray of that eternal sphere as he gradually descends to the West.

PREFACE

TO THE

FALL OF REPUBLICS.

"Hasty climbers have sudden falls."

THE Romans the Republic had tried—
The most sapient nation on earth;
For a time it breathed, lived and died,
But reaped an untimely death.
With their Biblical reason reverse
To the order or novelty of things;
God's ordinance no more nor no less
Carried out in succession by kings.

In France it was planted with skill,
But failed in producing the fruit;
Napoleon, to work out his will,
Would never permit it to root.
All the red Republic had done
Was to change one king for another;
And before the election was run
Napoleon was there without bother.

The Republic was tried under Cromwell,
Before Charley fell from the throne;
After Oliver himself got a tumble,
The Commonwealth fell like a stone.
That useful usurper had showed
The Reformation had headed all things;
The safest guarantee on the road
Was the descendants of liberal kings.

Let us see the great western world,
Where freedom once muttered a call ;
The Stars and the Stripes were unfurled,
Designed as a model for all.
Now passing the nursery of freedom,
Where the cradle of liberty's rocked ;
Thinking nothing on earth could exceed them :
Still freedom in reality is mocked.

This was the land and this was the people
That offered to Europe such peace.
That Republic that now is so feeble
Had offered all bondsmen release ;
Was a model designed for the world—
An eden for all upon earth ;
In the air like a vapour was hurled,
In misery, in slaughter, in death.

Twenty-five hundred millions of dollars
Hang over the skulls of the poor ;
With the future taxation that follows,
That burden they cannot endure.
That wild imposition above
Has had no parallel upon earth.
Not a cent will they ever remove,
Not even to the day of their death.

In Mexico it was opposed to the church,
About which some battles were fought.
That very same party was left in the lurch,
And poor Maximilian was shot.
The Yankees had aided Juarez,
And winked at the Emperor's death.
This seemed the Republic to please,
And food for cousin Jonathan's mirth.

Still, the church had sold Maximilian—
Was betrayed by a son of that creed.
Napoleon first gave that opinion,
After hearing that treacherous deed.
He's the worst character on earth,
Who'd sell his fellow-man for a fee.
That party concocting the death
Was neither christian, republic, nor free.

When freedom is based upon murder,
'Tis not likely it ever will stand;
Foul murder will out, and no wonder—
Its scourge will wither the land.
I think life should never be taken,
For vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.
Oft justice by perjury is shaken—
The innocent pays the reward.

The reign of republics is short—
It seems like a shuffling game;
The people get tired of that sort
When 'tis manœuvred for gain.
All grasping republics are fooled—
Dwindled down like things of the past;
For want of being equally ruled,
Revert into kingdoms at last.

We must follow the republics through
Buenos Ayres and the Spanish Brazil,
With Colombia, Chili and Peru,
Pointing out their good and their ill.
They were once held in bondage by Spain—
Plundered by them night and day;
But they nobly unshackled the chain,
And drove the rude bigots away.

An incas* had ruled them for years,
Until their invasion by Spain,
And up to that time it appears
They never had reason to complain.
After they the Republic embraced,
True, state after state fell away;
The bandits in office were placed,
Like vultures had gorged on the prey.

With a country and climate the best
That ever attracted the sun,
Every man by adoption was blest
Until the Republics begun.
If ruled by a limited monarchy—
All Republics blended in one,—
It would shackle the arm of anarchy,
Which now has the country o'errun.

The impeachment of Johnston for drinking,
Paints out the Republic in style:
The successor of President Lincoln,
In whom it was said was no guile.
Was he like Napoleon or Cromwell,
He would make them tame as a mouse;
Before he would crouch, fawn or humble,
Would sweep every soul in the house.

Lincoln's vaults were pregnant with brandy—
All indulged in the sap of the vine;
Still they impeached simple Andy
For enjoying his flagon of wine.
On the eve that Abe Lincoln was shot,
And Seward was colloped in bed,
Old Andy was swigging his pot,
Quite innocent of what was ahead.

*A King, a Sovereign.

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